

Some Items for Feminine Fancy

OWNS THIRTY-ONE AUTOS.

Princess Turns Old Palace Stables Into Garage for Machines.

VIENNA, Sept. 28.—Princess Elizabeth of Lichtenstein, who owns no less than thirty-one motor cars, is certainly the most enthusiastic motorist of all the imperial women in Europe. The expensive stabling at her beautiful castle at Stuhlweisensburg, in southwest Hungary, is now largely converted into garages, and grooms and stable boys have given place to chauffeurs and mechanics skilled in the intricacies of automobiles. But the princess pursues her hobby quietly and studiously avoids anything like publicity or notoriety, so that the great majority of the public are not even aware of her wholesale ownership of motor cars.

Princess Elizabeth is the younger daughter of the Archduchess Marie Therese and niece of the emperor. Her wonderful interest in motors is the more unusual as the Austrian imperial family have not yet greatly taken to this new means of locomotion. Indeed, the emperor himself will have nothing to do with motors and has never ridden in one. At his age he feels much safer in his carriage, even though it travels a little less quickly. It is only a few weeks ago that he gave permission for automobiles to be driven through the court yard of the imperial palace, although this thoroughfare has been open for carriages and cabs of all descriptions, day and night, for many years.

Princess Elizabeth's half-brother, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the throne, motors a good deal and so does his cousin, Archduke Eugene, who was snowed up in his car last winter when trying to reach his palace at Innsbruck. Archduke Frederick, the wealthiest member of the family, has a car or two, and so have one or two other archdukes, but on the whole the Hapsburgs have gone in less for motoring than most of the reigning houses. Kaiser William's enthusiasm in the sport is well known and the Austrian motor interests frequently deplore the emperor's aversion to their wares as compared with the attitude of his imperial neighbor in Berlin.

Princess Elizabeth hardly got her craze from her husband, Prince Alois Leichtenstein, for he is a man of studious habits, almost, in fact, a bookworm. They have a lovely country home near Stuhlweisensburg, the old Roman town of Alba Regia, and where the Hungarian kings were crowned down to Ferdinand I.

The head of the house of Leichtenstein rules an old little principality of that name near to the frontier of Switzerland. The territory is some sixty miles square and the happy population, which numbers no less than 10,000, pays no taxes and is not subject to military duty. It forms a part of Austria, although never formally incorporated into it. The members of the family were always considered as Austrian citizens until the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth in 1903, when the emperor decreed that they should henceforth be regarded as foreign princes. This step was taken in order to preserve to Elizabeth her rank and precedence as an archduchess, which she would otherwise have surrendered by marrying a subject of the empire. The foreign royalties such as the Camberlands, Coburgs, and Parmas, resident in Austria, take precedence with the imperial family and at court balls and other state functions walk in the procession of the emperor and archdukes and archduchesses. Elizabeth didn't care to lose her place in this exalted throng and so persuaded her fond uncle to place her husband's family in the category of foreign royalties.

PARTNERS IN CRIME.

Mother and Daughter Were Daring Horse-thieves.

SPOKANE, Sept. 28.—Reading nefekel thrillers and newspaper accounts of daring in cattle rustling and horsestealing, inspired Elizabeth Paschlik, a 16-year-old school girl of Marcus, Washington, to carry out a series of horsestealing jobs in northwestern Washington, which for cleverness in plan and execution are without parallel in criminal history in the Pacific northwest. The girl, who was arrested by W. H. Graham, sheriff of Stevens county, a week ago, after riding one of the two horses she stole from Peter Paul's ranch more than 100 miles, was remanded to the juvenile department of the Spokane county superior court. She told the story of her crimes in a straightforward way, declaring that no one assisted her in stealing horses and other livestock from the ranges on the Colville Indian reservation. However, her mother, Mrs. Paul Paschlik, was held in bonds of \$500 for appearance in the superior

court here for trial in October, the charge being receiving stolen property, the county prosecutor declaring he has evidence that the woman received \$95 from the proceeds of the sale of the two stolen horses. The girl's father made good the loss of the commission men who bought the horses, and was about to turn them over to their rightful owner when his wife and the child were arrested.

WORE HER TIGHTS.

Chorus Lady Didn't Have Time to Wait for Skirts.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—Clad in tights and a cloak, Helen Reilly, a member of the chorus of the musical comedy playing in the Gotham theater, ran from her dressing room to the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station to report that she had been robbed of two diamond rings and \$6.

When she entered her dressing room after the third act Miss Reilly discovered her loss. Without waiting to don her street costume, without telling anyone of the other members of the cast, she threw a coat over her shoulders and darted out of the stage entrance. Lieutenant Jackson was setting behind the desk at the station house when she entered, and before he could ask any questions she exclaimed:

"My two diamond rings and \$6 were stolen from my dressing room!"

As she started for the door the lieutenant discovered that she was in tights. Policemen on reserve made the discovery at the same moment, but the girl was already on her way back to the theater.

Detective Graham hurried after her to the theater, where she told of how she had been robbed. The two rings were set with diamonds and were valued at \$40 each, she said. Although the detective made a search of the dressing rooms, he was unable to get any trace of the stolen property.

HELD MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

Dispute in Business Causes Man to Hold Document as Collateral.

SALT LAKE, Sept. 28.—The case against C. F. Ward of Bingham Junction was dismissed in the criminal division of the third district court this morning because all of the prosecution's witnesses have left the state. The case was a peculiar one and the taking of evidence would have disclosed a most singular transaction.

In April last Ward, who conducts a furniture business in the smelter town, was charged with having beaten and battered one J. F. Monroe with the butt of a sixshooter until Monroe was reduced to a wreck of his former self. Then Monroe had Ward arrested and after a preliminary examination before Justice Williams, he was bound over to the district court for trial, there having been sufficient evidence to make the court believe Ward guilty of the offense charged.

Ward owned an eating house in Bingham Junction, and Mrs. Monroe, the wife of the complaining witness, went to work there as a waitress. Some dispute arose over a business transaction, and Ward held the woman's marriage certificate as a sort of collateral. The paper could be of no value to Ward, but its possession was very much desired by Monroe and his wife. An interview between Monroe and Ward, in which the former sought to recover the certificate, resulted in an altercation which ended with the assault by Ward upon Monroe, a big revolver figuring prominently in the physical encounter of the two.

The Monroes have left the state and the other witnesses necessary for the use of the prosecution in getting the facts before the court have been found missing. Therefore the case was dismissed.

WEDS SEVEN WOMEN.

Man Says He Hates Fair Sex and Now He's in Jail.

BELLINGHAM, Wash., Sept. 28.—James P. Ross, alias Bosce, alias Ronk, a cocaine fiend, physical wreck and confessed bigamist, is held at the city jail in this city, pending an investigation into statements he has made to the officers regarding a number of matrimonial ventures he claims to have had.

Ross gave himself up into the custody of Chief of Police Bert Thomas. He says that he has had seven wives. One of them he lived with one year. The others lasted from a few weeks to a few months.

He says he did not wait for them to die or the divorce laws to free him, but when he tired of one he took another and cast the old love aside with little trouble or ceremony. He told the officers that his motive

for marrying and deserting was a desire for revenge against the fair sex. Why he feels that he has this revenge coming he fails to explain, except that he hates women generally.

The women have been so many that he cannot remember all their names. Those he can recall are Emma Knox, Charlotte, North Carolina; Minnie Meadows, Charlestown, West Virginia; Pennie Dye, Audubon, Iowa; Emma S. Heiner, California.

Among the unknown are a Daisy from Iowa, an Emma from Springfield, Illinois, and another woman from Napa, California.

WAITING AT THE CHURCH.

But the Bridegroom Fails to Appear to Claim His Own.

SCRANTON, Pa., Sept. 27.—Miss Margaret McDonald of South Scranton is in a position to sympathize with the young woman celebrated in song for "waiting at the church."

Attired in her bridal robes, with the guests assembled and the priest who was to tie the knot, she waited in suspense at her home Thursday night for the appearance of George Danner, her intended husband. But the hour set for the wedding arrived and passed and the bridegroom did not materialize. The young woman, attended by several young ladies who were to have attended her, went to her room, the priest returned to his home, and the guests dispersed. At the church of the Nativity, where the bridal procession was expected, the lights were put out and the marriage was off.

It developed later that Danner was "broke," and that his stepmother, on whom he had depended for the money, went back on him at the last moment. Without money he could not pay for the wedding, and, instead of going to the home of Miss McDonald and explaining matters, he left the city.

SAYS WIFE IS NEGRESS.

Young Woman Is Bitterly Fighting Divorce Proceedings.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 27.—Supported only by the negress who reared her, but asserting that at the proper time there will be many more to help, Mrs. Mary Peterson, the young wife of Edward Peterson, is fighting desperately in the Clayton circuit court her husband's efforts to annul their marriage on the ground that she is a negress. Peterson's action for the annulment is based on the sole ground that when he was married in St. Louis in 1905, his bride failed to reveal her bar sinister and also failed to disclose her real name.

As Mary Thatcher Mrs. Peterson was reared near Kirkwood by Janet Hatcher, a negro "mammy" of the old school. Janet always spoke of the pretty, dark-eyed, dark-haired child as white, and to the few in whom she confided declared that the child was left to her care as an infant by her father, and that both parents were white. At the time she was living in Ohio, but where she will not say. She declares that many white persons will come forward on the day of the trial to bear out her assertions.

Mary Thatcher grew up and was in time married to Peterson. For a year they lived happily, and then the husband disquieted by the rumors, separated from his wife and later brought the action.

Mrs. Peterson, who ascribes her dark hair and eyes and her olive complexion to her French-Spanish descent, declares that she will have little trouble in proving her white origin. She would not say what her real name is, preferring to withhold that until the case comes up for trial.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Supposed Widow Astounded When Greeted By Husband.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., Sept. 27.—Mrs. Elizabeth M. Pierce, who has imagined herself a widow these thirty-one years, was dumbfounded when a stranger walked in and greeted her as his wife.

Under the mask of his long white beard she recognized the features of the man she thought dead when he disappeared thirty-one years ago from their home in a Long Island town.

He was not an Enoch Arden. There has been no other sweetheart to take the place of the mourned one. She had three little children to bring up, and as the years went by and she got no tidings from the missing man she taught them that their father was dead. Now the two sons are occupying well-paying positions and for the last few years Mrs. Pierce has been living in ease.

The white-bearded stranger quickly convinced her that he was none other than the missing Edwin B. Pierce, and before she told him her tale of hardship and sacrifice he unfolded his history of three decades.

Three times he had won fortunes, only to see them swept away.

The San Francisco earthquake impoverished him. He drifted back east and found a brother in New Brighton, Pennsylvania, with whom he went into business. The old man went back to the town he had run away from so long ago, but found no trace of his family. It was only last week that he learned of their whereabouts. He went back to his brother in Pennsylvania. His welcome had not been cordial, but an amicable agreement had been reached. Though Mrs. Pierce will not talk, her neighbors think her husband will come to spend his last days here.

DISTINGUISHED PARSEE.

First Woman to Break Sex Bonds in India.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—Mme. Dassibai Cawasjee Jussawalla, sun and fire worshiper, and head of one of the oldest and most distinguished Parsee families in Bombay, India, was in New York City with her two sons, Dadaabhai and Jamshedji.

With the precious and unique cap, exquisitely decorated with gold and pearls, which Mme. Dassibai will present to Queen Alexandra, the three interesting disciples of Zoroaster sailed for London.

Despite her seventy-three years, the devotee shaped and fashioned the beautiful cap, perfecting each detail of the intricate piece of handwork unaided.

Mme. Dassibai came to New York by way of Hong Kong and San Francisco. The briefness of her stay in this city is due to her impatience to greet the king and queen of England, and deliver the priceless cap.

Her chief regret is that the shortness of her stay prevents her from calling upon President Roosevelt to tell him of the success she had in the task of freeing the Parsee women of Bombay from the shackles of religious convention had thrown around them.

Although this is the first visit of Mme. Dassibai to this country, she has traveled through Europe twice before. On one of these occasions she had an audience with the pope, and on the other she was presented with a medal at the Paris exposition of 1873 for her great courage in daring to make a hazardous ascent in a balloon. She also was entertained by Lady Leyton, lady-in-waiting to the queen of England.

Mme. Dassibai and her two stalwart sons had just completed their peculiar form of worship when a reporter called at the Hotel Bradford. Standing with arms outstretched toward the sun, they breathed their fervent prayers in pleasing cadences. Mme. Dassibai readily consented to talk of herself and of her journey from Bombay across the American continent to London. She was the first Parsee woman to break into freedom from the darkened chambers in which the women of her caste were secluded. When 15 years of age she was placed in an English school in Bombay by her mother, the pioneer woman suffragist of the Parsee people.

The excitement ran high among the Zoroastrians at what was considered as an affront to the race. For a time it looked as though the Dassibai family would be broken and scattered and their home confiscated.

The support of influential sun worshippers, and especially of the English officials, was secured, and gradually the traditions of the Parsees were dissolved, with the result that many members of other families came out from seclusion to mingle with the English speaking race.

The religion she inherited from her ancestors Mme. Dassibai has not forsaken. She has accepted all of the instruction the English-speaking people have acquired, but there has been nothing she has learned that has tended to change her faith in the teachings of Zoroaster, the prophet who came out of Persia 5000 years ago, fleeing from persecution, and founded the religion of fire worship.

The flowing black robe and quaint ornaments of the Parsee women are worn by Mme. Dassibai. Her sons, while dressed in English costume, wear close to the body the linen sundra or kusti garments always worn by the true believer.

The worship of the sun Mme. Dassibai explained, was purely symbolical, the sun being accepted as the master work of creation. On the altars of the temples the finest sandal wood is burned in chalices of purest gold, and the worship of fire is like the worship of the sun, directly symbolical in its nature. In bathing the true Parsee goes through a ceremony that has not varied in thousands of years.

Wherever she goes, Mme. Dassibai carries a small fortune in pearls and antique jewelry. One locket of dazzling, milk white pearls, curiously constructed by native Indian workmen is valued at \$10,000. A watch, upon one side of which is engraved a miniature of a dead daughter and on the other side her late husband, is a perfect specimen of Indian workmanship. There are scores of other precious

ornaments decorated with gold and pearls.

In about a dozen small leather bound books are the memories of this interesting woman. It is her intention while in London to have her memoirs printed in book form. They not only will deal with the curious Parsee sect, but will tell of many royal and other distinguished personages Mme. Dassibai has met in her long and eventful life.

"PINKIE" RINGS FOR WOMEN

"We are making what you call 'pinkie' rings. That means small, doesn't it? We cannot turn them out fast enough for the American women," said the foreign proprietor of a quaint little Fifth avenue shop to a reporter for the New York Sun, where all sorts of the most wonderful Oriental jewelry are to be found. The shop itself is like a bit of Persia transplanted to the New York thoroughfare. Behind the screens and embroidered hangings sit several native goldbeaters carving out rings and fancy jeweled ornaments after their own fashion of workmanship and their own eastern designs. There is nothing American in this little shop except the purchasers, and they are of the class who can afford to buy expensive trifles.

Pinkie rings are the popular article at the Persian store. Not that these Persian jewelers have any special desire to make ornaments for the tiny finger of woman, but the pinkie is the thing the women themselves want.

"We have to make the ring part small," explained the foreign shopkeeper, "but the stones and settings are very large. Most of these rings are set in silver. The American women have a fancy for heavy carved silver bands with large oval stones sunk in them. The lapis lazuli is at present the most popular stone, and we have set some exquisite shades of this ultramarine blue mottled stone polished until it looks like a bit of the sparkling sea."

There are two kinds of lapis lazuli generally sold. One is the real lapis from Russia which can be cut in cameos and is used for signet rings. The other side is not lapis at all, though it is called so. As a matter of fact the Swiss lapis is a manufactured stone, simply an ordinary quartz artificially colored with blue. This is lighter in shade than the Russian, Persian or Chinese, and is very cheap.

"The settings used for pinkie rings, when they are made of silver, are hand carved and rather heavy. The same style is often made up in pure yellow gold and then the price is three times that of the silver ring. The size oftenest sold for the little finger of a woman's hand is about an inch long and as wide as the finger will stand. If there is any engraving on the stone, then the surface is flat, otherwise it rounds up quite high and is about a quarter of an inch thick through the center."

"But lapis lazuli is by no means the only stone worn on the pinkie. It is liked by blue eyed women on account of its beautiful coloring. Like the sapphire it is not an evening stone. The lapis turns quite black under artificial light. For this reason matrix stones are set in pinkie rings. The opal matrix is a favorite at present and it is of enough value to warrant our selling it by weight just as we do the precious stones."

"The superstition attached to the opal does not hold with the matrix. Evidently the brown stone in which the rainbow colored pieces are imbedded counteracts the bad effect of the opal, and so it is considered safe for any one to wear opal matrix. It goes particularly well with the brown summer dresses that are so fashionable here."

"We do not make two pieces of jewelry alike. Each American wants to have the only ring or the only necklace of a kind. That is why we keep so many jewelers employed getting up original designs to please our patrons and working up ornaments from their own suggestions."

"So many women bring in odd pieces of jewelry, some of them having no relation whatever to each other, and then we are asked to put them together in a single ornament. Necklaces are fashioned this way and frequently we get up unique and attractive designs. A silver earring from the orient will serve as a pendant, then we use a bracelet that was made perhaps in India, a brooch from Europe, a bangle from China, and with this jewelry network we have an absolutely original ornament that would be impossible to duplicate."

"Our workmen understand the oriental art of manufacturing jewelry so they can supply missing parts and make joinings without spoiling the design. There never was a time when

necklaces were so much in demand as they are now. Even in my own country where women do not consider themselves dressed without some neck ornament of jewels, the necklace is not more popular. It is worn with every costume, and for daytime odd effects are liked. Our oriental designs showing filagree discs and colored stones seem to have taken the place of beads, though lapis lazuli beads are beginning to be quite a fad. These are small, about the size of a large pea, and they are not graduated.

"When silver is used for jewelry it is of a color hard to obtain, for even though the ornament is new it must have an antique appearance."

SODA BATHS FOR WOMEN.

Method by Which Those Suffering From Embonpoint Can Reduce.

Three-quarters of the feminine world seem to want to "lose flesh," judging by the requests for reduction with which my mail is filled, says a writer in the Washington Times. It is perfectly true that women are inclined to embonpoint with increasing years, and therefore the older one is the more difficult will be the work, both physical and mental, to achieve slenderness. Much of it must be mental work, for example, for a woman who is fond of sweets has to give them up. Yet this she must do if she starts the process of reducing. Food is only one-half the battle, however, for a certain amount of exercise, good hard movements, must be added. The only easy part of the whole treatment is the soda baths. Women who have tried these proclaim their virtue even as they speak of the discomfort.

A soda bath accomplishes its purpose by causing profuse perspiration and absorbing some fat. These are to be taken at night, and while in themselves harmless, should not be attempted by a woman with a weak heart or by one who is otherwise in bad physical condition.

To prepare such a bath mix a pound of washing soda to four pounds of bicarbonate of soda, adding to a tub ordinarily full. Into this get the stout person; and there should be water enough to cover the body. The temperature at first should be as hot as can be endured comfortably, but after a few minutes, as the skin becomes accustomed to it, hotter water can and should be added. Continue doing this at intervals for fifteen minutes the first few times. By degrees lengthen the time until twenty-five minutes is reached. By this time perspiration should be profuse. One may, if willing, drink a glass or more of hot water while in the tub.

It requires no great penetration to see that such a bath is very exhausting and that only a strong person could stand it. Should one feel weakened after being in the water take a teaspoonful of brandy, and if the weakness continue give up the baths. They will do harm.

From the bath one should get immediately into bed between blankets and pile on enough covers to continue the perspiration for a time. After half an hour remove the extra covers by degrees, that perspiration may be checked slowly.

On rising in the morning exercise. It really doesn't in the least matter what one does, just so it is hard physical work. A rich woman will ride horseback; a poor one will get just as much good from a bicycle, and one who has neither will find housecleaning quite as beneficial.

As for the diet, it must be carefully selected or soda baths will be useless. A good day from the reduction standpoint is like this:

Rise early and take a vigorous rub with a coarse towel or flesh brush. Drink a cup of hot water before breakfast. Take one small cup of tea at breakfast, some dry toast, broiled fish or a small cutlet, and a baked apple or a little fruit. At dinner, which should be at midday, take white fish or meat, dry toast or stale bread, vegetables or fruit, either fresh or stewed. For supper, toast, salad, fruit and six ounces of water.

Watch the face carefully during this, and if it is losing some fat an astringent tonic should be used that it may not grow flabby. A good one is made with one wineglassful of orange flower water, a quarter of a teaspoonful of camphor, half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and two teaspoonfuls each of glycerine and cologne. Dissolve the camphor in the cologne and shake the bottles several times a day for forty-eight hours. Apply the lotion to the face at night.

SHE WAS ONLY CROSSING THE STREET.

She was crossing the street, And the mud was quite deep— She had dear little feet, She was crossing the street, And the cop on the beat Paused a moment to peep. She was crossing the street, And the mud was quite deep. —Whitman's Sentinels.